

## THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,

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WASHINGTON, D. C., AUGUST 4, 1887.

ARTICLES FORTHCOMING.

SAILORS' CREEK.—An interesting  
Account of the Port in this Battle. By  
C. Robinson, 1st W. Va. Cav., Dragoon, Co.  
THE 73d PA.—From Palmyra to Gettysburg.  
By Samuel Roberts, 73d Pa., Philadelphia,  
Pa.BATON ROUGE.—How Brockbridge Tried  
to Take It, but Failed. By W. E. Webber,  
6th Mich., Longport, Tex.THE CONFEDERATES IN ARIZONA.—  
Operations in the Far West. By J. C. Hall,  
Washington, D. C.AVERELL'S RAID.—A Graphic Sketch of  
a Dashing Cavalry Exploit. By Capt. J. M.  
Rife, 7th W. Va. Cav., West Jefferson, O.THE ARMY MAIL.—An Interesting Account  
of the Postal Service During the War. By  
Dr. A. Morris, Graham, O.ACROSS THE PLAINS.—A Narrative of a  
Wild Western Trip in 1867. By W. Thornton  
Parke, late Acting Assistant Surgeon,  
U. S. A., Newport, R. I.WOOD'S DIVISION AT MISSISSIPPI RIVER  
—In Prominent Position on the River. By  
Gen. Aquila Wiley, Colonel, 41st Ohio,  
Wheaton, O.THE SAUNDERS RAID.—A Successful  
Expedition Against the East Tennessee  
and Virginia Railroad. By S. C. Fry, Battery  
D, 3d Ohio L. A., La Crosse, Wis.WADSWELL FARM.—An Account of a Irish  
Armsman's Fight. By Albert G. Brantlett,  
Colonel, 3d U. S. Cav., Fort Davis, Tex.ON TO RICHMOND.—A Graphic Narrative  
of Capture and Captivity. By George B.  
Crawford, Co. G, 1st W. Va., Westburg, W. Va.VANDERVEER'S BRIGADE.—Its Gallant  
Conduct at Chickamauga. By S. P. Zehring,  
Co. H, 35th Ohio, Germantown, O.HAWKINS' ZOUAVES.—The First Day  
of the War. By J. H. E. Whitney, Sergeant,  
Co. B, 9th N. Y., New York City.

CONVERSATION CLUB READER.

The above picture shows the exact size of  
the elegant badge designed for the members of  
THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE's Conversation  
Club. It is made of coin silver, and makes  
a very pretty ornament. We will send it to  
any address on receipt of \$1.HORACE WHITE, the editor of the New  
York Evening Post, which has distinguished  
himself by his vigorous abuse of the G. A. R.,  
the survivors of the war, the dependent Pension  
Bill and pension attorneys, is compelled to  
suspend his remarks about "pension sharks,"  
etc., long enough to explain why his name  
appears on the statement of the corruption  
fund of the Kansas Pacific Railroad for  
\$745, paid him for his "influence" in aiding  
certain schemes of that corporation. Horace  
White is not in a position to throw stones at  
anyone. Throughout life he has pursued  
the shining dollar with greedy eagerness  
that has never been able to keep him from  
the end. If the soldiers whom he attacks  
had half his burning avarice, or half his  
cold selfishness, they would all be beyond  
the reach of want to-day.EVERYTHING indicates that the National  
Encampment will be the grandest gathering  
of veterans since Sherman's and Grant's  
armies marched up Pennsylvania avenue in  
1865. The boys are waking up all over the  
country, and are going to the Mound City,  
"not as single spies, but in battalions." They  
are going to take their wives and children  
with them, too. They not only want to see  
their old comrades—probably the last time  
for thousands of them—but they want to  
see the women their comrades have married,  
and the children that they have raised up.BOB BURDETTE has a pretty correct idea  
of "the wrongs of the Indian." "He's full  
of them," says Bob. "He's wrong about  
half of the time, and the other half he is  
willing for the grass to get green, so that he  
may go wrong again."

## "SUBSTITUTES AND BOUNTY JUMPERS."

Comrade W. W. Cook, Senior Vice Com-  
mander, Department of Michigan, gives us  
the following important facts in regard to  
Michigan's contribution to the war:EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: Referring to a re-  
cent article in THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE,—"Substi-  
tutes and Bounty Jumpers," will you please send  
me a few figures from Michigan, taken from the  
official records in the office of the Adjutant-  
General.The total number of men who entered the service  
from the State during the war was 90,747, several  
hundred of whom entered regiments in other  
States, which accounts for the discrepancy between  
our records and those of the War Department. I  
recall now three companies of the "Merrill Horse"  
of Missouri, three in Ohio regiments, four which  
were credited to New York, two of three Indi-  
ans, etc. Of the 91,747 the substitutes and drafted  
men numbered 4,281, or less than one-twentieth.  
Many of the drafted men were afterward credited  
to Michigan. These 91,747 men formed over 11  
per cent. of Michigan's population as shown by the  
census of 1864, and over 12 per cent. of the popu-  
lation of 1880.No bounties were paid by the State until March,  
1865, when the time 13,932 soldiers received 1885.  
The time for \$50 each. Taking the whole num-  
ber of enlistments, the amount would be about  
\$10,500, or reduced to a gold basis, \$2,700 per man.  
The "bounty" "howl" over enormous bounties  
and the "howl" over enormous bounties are thus  
shown not to apply to Michigan, while we claim  
that our boys were actually paid patriotism pure and  
simple.If above figures are of any value, use 'em. I  
understand that you believe you can use the statis-  
tics to better advantage than I can.

LANSING, Mich., July 23.

This is the whole matter in a very com-  
pact nut shell. The whole of Michigan's  
magnificent contingent are implicated in the  
slur of the soldier-hating press because  
about one man in 20 that he sent to the  
field was drafted. The 66,466 who volun-  
teered get no credit for their ardent loyalty,  
because there were 4,281 drafted. The 76,  
000 who went out before a cent of bounty  
was paid by the State must be classed  
among the "mercenaries," "bounty-grab-  
bers," "men lured from the porches and the  
jails by big bounties," as Gen. Bragg  
put it, because some 13,945 who came after  
they received on an average \$70, or \$24.50  
reduced to a gold basis.Again we say: Supposing that these rela-  
tively few men who came after March,  
1865, did receive an average bounty of \$70  
each, of what earthly importance is that in  
the discussion? What inducement was \$70  
in greenbacks—or \$70 for that matter—for  
a man to leave his pleasant home and the  
high wages that were being paid them and  
encounter the hardships and dangers that  
awaited him? Remember that Chancellors-  
ville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spottly-  
ylvania, Cold Harbor, Siege of Petersburg,  
Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge,  
the Atlanta Campaign, Franklin and Nash-  
ville were all fought after March, 1865. How  
many men to-day would be tempted by 100  
times 70 depreciated paper dollars to go  
through even one of those terrible battles  
or campaigns?

DEATH OF GEN. JAMES M. COMLY.

A much more famous man could have  
died without bringing the sadness to as  
many hearts as did the telegraphic announce-  
ment that Gen. James M. Comly had passed  
away at his home in Toledo, O., on the  
evening of the 28th ult.The best that can be said of Gen. Comly  
is the best that can be said of any man—that  
he was a splendid type of a high-class  
American. He had in a high degree all the  
good qualities of our race. Brilliant in in-  
tellect, brave of soul, true of heart, loyal,  
unselfish and steadfast, he was a man whom  
all that knew him admired as well as  
loved. His was a character unusually  
well-rounded. Where many men seem only  
at their best when viewed from certain  
standpoints, he seemed at his best from  
whatever point he was viewed. He was a  
brilliant journalist, a thorough soldier,  
a competent business man, a successful dip-  
lomats, and a devoted husband and father.Gen. Comly was born of good Quaker  
stock in New Lexington, Perry Co., O., 35  
years ago. He received a good education,  
and after graduating from college learned  
the printer's trade, and worked at the case  
while studying law. He was for several  
years foreman of the composing room of the  
Ohio State Journal, of Columbus, O., but  
left that position to enter upon the practice  
of the law. He had already distinguished  
himself as a terse and vigorous writer. At  
the same time he paid much attention  
to military matters, and was a member of  
a crack militia company. When the war  
broke out he at once enlisted as a private sol-  
dier, but was elected a Lieutenant, and did  
some months duty as such. The Governor  
of Ohio then appointed him Lieutenant-Colonel  
of the 43d Ohio, but he relinquished this  
to take a Major's commission in the 23d  
Ohio, in which there was a promise of speedier  
service in the field. The 23d had a phre-  
nomenal lot of field officers. Its first Colonel  
was Gen. W. S. Rosser, its second  
Gen. E. K. Scammon, its third President  
Rutherford B. Hayes, and its fourth Gen.  
Comly. Stanley Matthews, now one of the  
Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of  
the United States, was Lieutenant-Colonel  
until he was made Colonel of the 51st Ohio.  
Maj. Comly was with this splendid reg-  
iment constantly during its long and arduous  
service, from the day he joined it until it  
was mustered out at the close of the war.  
He repeatedly distinguished himself by gal-  
lantry in action. When Lieut.-Col. Hayes  
was shot down at the battle of South  
Mountain, Maj. Comly took command and  
fought the regiment brilliantly. When Col.  
Hayes was given the command of a brigade,  
Lieut.-Col. Comly succeeded to the permanent  
command of the regiment, and con-  
ducted it through all the hard fighting in  
the Shenandoah Valley and West Virginia  
till the war closed. He was made a full  
Colonel, and Col. Hayes a Brigadier-General  
for gallant conduct at the battle of the Ope-  
quans. In 1865 he was brevetted Brigadier-  
General.On his return home he became editor and  
senior proprietor of the Ohio State Journal,  
on which he had worked as a printer, andsoon made it a power in the State. He was  
one of the keenest and most incisive writers  
on the press of the country. In 1870 Gen.  
Grant appointed him Postmaster at Colum-  
bus, which office he held until his friend and  
comrade, Gen. Hayes, became President, who  
appointed him Minister to the Hawaiian  
Islands. While holding this office there  
were internal convulsions in the Kingdom,  
and foreign complications that demanded  
unusual discretion, and he acquitted him-  
self admirably. On his return from Hono-  
lulu Gen. Comly and his partner sold out  
the Ohio State Journal and bought the Com-  
mercial, of Toledo, of which he was the  
senior proprietor and editor at the time of  
his death.Gen. Comly was an earnest member of  
the G. A. R., and neglected no opportunity to  
advance the interests of the Order, and lend  
a helping hand to the disabled veteran.  
The veterans have lost a steadfast comrade and  
a staunch champion.

THAT "BITTER WRANGLE."

The soldier-hating papers have been ex-  
ulting with ghoulish glee over a sensational  
report of a "bitter wrangle" in Command-  
er-in-Chief Fairchild's own Post, which threat-  
ens to begin the disruption of the whole  
Order.C. C. Washburn Post, of Madison, Wis.,  
the one to which Gen. Fairchild belongs, has  
taken official notice of the report, and dis-  
poses of it most effectively. The story is  
told in our letter from Madison in the  
G. A. R. columns. In substance it is that  
one of the members of the Post, who is  
editor of the Madison Democrat, for reasons  
of his own decided to withdraw from the  
Post. He went about this in a perfectly  
proper manner, addressed a courteous let-  
ter to the Post asking for his discharge, and  
inclosing more than sufficient money to pay  
any dues that might have accrued against  
him. The Post accepted his resignation—it  
could not do otherwise—and expressed its  
regret that the comrade should see fit to  
withdraw. The only discussion connected  
with the matter was a perfectly amicable  
one as to the disposition of the surplus of  
Comrade Rayner's inclosure that re-  
mained after discharging his dues. He  
had directed that this be applied to  
charitable purposes. It was also re-  
ported that the Officer of the Day had at the  
same time torn off his sword, belt and  
badges, flung them down on the table, de-  
manded a statement of his dues, paid them  
and stalked out of doors, shaking the dust of  
the Post room off his feet. This that com-  
rade denies in the most emphatic and spe-  
cific manner.What a terrible time these soldier-haters  
have in getting up some lie that will stick  
for 24 hours after it is sent out.

GREAT RESULTS.

For two months now the soldier-hating  
papers have been pelting the G. A. R. and  
G. A. R. men with abuse. Every day for 60  
days at least the New York Times, the New  
York Evening Post, the Boston Herald,  
the Philadelphia Times, the Baltimore Sun,  
the Chicago Times, and the small fry sheets  
which copy after them have fired a broad-  
side of abuse at Gen. Fairchild or some other  
prominent G. A. R. man, or have denounced  
some act of the G. A. R., and called upon the  
"real soldiers," the "genuine fighting men,"  
to "come out and repudiate these substi-  
tute-coolies, pension-hunters, coffee-  
coolers, sharks,"—put to shame these  
brawlers, etc."The G. A. R. must apologize," says the  
insolent New York Times; "the G. A. R."  
must be made to behave or disband," echoes  
the unrepentant rebel Charleston News and  
Courier, and so the chord has been harped  
upon during the whole living Summer.What has been the result of this arduous  
labor by this notable gang?One little Post in Indiana—at Mt. Vernon,  
we believe—has adopted some very silly  
resolutions. We think that possibly one in  
Delaware and one in New Jersey has done  
something similar.One partisan editor has withdrawn from  
a Post in Wisconsin.This is all—absolutely all—that has come  
to the surface so far.What immense influence these toadying  
soldier-haters do have with the G. A. R., to  
be sure?

VETERANS' DAY.

At the suggestion of the indefatigable  
comrades of the Brooklyn Memorial and  
Executive Committee the managers of the  
lovely Prospect Park of Brooklyn have de-  
cided to set apart a day each season as "Vet-  
erans' Day," and last Saturday was the first  
of these. Fully 6,000 people gathered under  
the splendid old trees to listen to the superb  
band, employed by the managers, render  
patriotic airs. The concert was opened by a  
drum corps beating the "assembly" in fine  
style, and then a squad of buglers stationed at  
some little distance among the trees, played  
the "assembly" and "reveille." The chief  
bugler was Alonzo Walton, charter member  
of Devlin Post, No. 148. He belonged to Co.  
A, 1st N. Y. Mounted Rifles, and wore the  
uniform that he brought home from the war.A number of prominent G. A. R. men were  
present, and the Memorial and Executive  
Committee was there in force.The band played all the old war songs,  
and ended with "My Country, 'tis of Thee,"  
when the buglers sounded "taps."THE Queen of England is as easily "in-  
sulted" as some other magnates. She was  
"insulted" the other day because her Junior  
Lord of the Admiralty, while on board the  
royal yacht, had the Signal Officer send a  
message to his wife to meet him on another  
vessel. The Junior Lord had to send in his  
resignation. It is getting to be rather a  
tough world for common folk.

## THE REGIMENTAL REUNIONS.

Our proposition to have the regiments,  
brigades, divisions and corps have Reunions  
at St. Louis during the Encampment has  
met with the heartiest commendation by the  
comrades. This week we publish a lot of  
calls for these Reunions, and next week  
there will be many more.Still, there are not so many as there should  
be. Every regiment that followed the Stars  
and Stripes will be represented at St. Louis  
by one or more members—probably more—  
and they should all announce through THE  
NATIONAL TRIBUNE where they will be,  
and invite their comrades to meet them.  
There are hosts of men living in the  
remotest parts of the West who will  
travel a thousand miles to meet a single  
member of their old regiments, if they know  
that he is to be at St. Louis. It will be the  
greatest gratification and interest to men scat-  
tered all over the country to know that  
there is to be a roll-call of their regiment in  
St. Louis, and no news that we can put into  
the paper will give them so much pleasure  
as such an announcement. So let everybody  
who is going to St. Louis call for his reg-  
imental comrades to meet him there.

DEATH OF GEO. H. PATCH.

The veterans have sustained a severe loss  
in the death of Comrade Geo. H. Patch, Past  
Commander of the Department of Massa-  
chusetts, and military editor of the Boston  
Globe. Comrade Patch enlisted in the 19th  
Mass. at the age of 16, and left the State for  
the front Aug. 28, 1861. He participated in  
all the engagements that the Second Corps  
took part in, up to the battle of Spottly-  
vania, when his health broke down, and  
he was sent to the rear never to return  
to his regiment.He was mustered into the G. A. R. in  
1870, in Post 142, Department of Massa-  
chusetts, and became at once an earnest  
worker in the Order. He held all the  
offices in his Post, and was Inspector  
of the Department three years, member of  
the Council of Administration three years,  
and Junior Vice Commander in 1877, and  
Department Commander in 1882. He was  
attached to the staff of the Boston Globe  
and introduced the military department of the  
paper, which has been such a pronounced  
success. Comrade Patch was an admirable  
speaker, and at an Encampment, a Campfire  
or a Reunion or after dinner he had few  
equals. He was genial, ardent and sincere,  
and every man in the Department of Massa-  
chusetts was his friend.He was taken ill three or four weeks ago,  
with a throat trouble, which gradually de-  
veloped into pneumonia, of which he died at  
his home in South Framingham on the fore-  
noon of July 26.

EX-PRISONERS OF WAR.

The desire of many, if not all, of the de-  
legates to the National Convention of Union  
Ex-Prisoners of War to also attend the  
National Encampment, has led to a proposition  
to change the time of meeting in Chicago to  
a date that would admit of both meetings  
being attended on the same trip. The Presi-  
dent of the National Association, and the  
members of the Executive Committee, so far  
as heard from, favor this change. It is now  
proposed, and the proposition will probably  
be adopted, to hold the meeting in Chicago,  
on Thursday and Friday, Sept. 22 and 23.  
The delegates can then leave Chicago at any  
time on Saturday and be in St. Louis the  
next day. The National Encampment be-  
gins on Tuesday, Sept. 27, but there will be  
great crowds coming in on Sunday and Mon-  
day, and many will want to be there then  
to meet their old comrades as they arrive.

WORK IN THE PENSION OFFICE.

During the week ending July 30, there  
were received 823 original invalid cases;  
379 widows; 1 1512; 7 bounty land; 9  
navy; 2 old war; 233 on account of Mexi-  
can services; 2,632 applications for in-  
crease; 706 reports and cases from Special  
Examiners. The total number of letters  
sent out was 33,903, and those received was  
43,980.Report of certificates issued during week  
ending July 30, 1887: Original, 849; in-  
crease, 948; reissue, 195; restoration, 86;  
duplicate, 16; accrued, 80; arrears, 0; Act of  
March 3, 1883, 1; Order of April 3, 1884, 6;  
Act of March 3, 1885, 0; Order Oct. 7, 1885, 7;  
Act of Aug. 4, 1886, 4; Supplemental Act  
Aug. 4, 1886, 15; Mexican war, 143; total,  
2,355. Reissue same date, 0.ONCE an excited Irishman rushed into  
the famous Dr. Abernethy with:"Bedad, Doctor, me b'y Tim's swallowed  
a rat.""Bedad, Pat," said the Doctor, "tell your  
b'y Tim to swallow a cat."A man in Brockville, Canada, has nearly  
killed himself acting on similar advice. He  
happened to swallow a potato-bug, and im-  
mediately swallowed some Paris green to  
kill the insect.

PROMOTED.

(In Memory of George H. Patch, Past Commander,  
Department of Massachusetts, G. A. R.)

BY KATE BROWLIE SHERWOOD.

Comrades, tidings come to-day:  
"Still another called away,"  
Gone to swell the soldier-tide,  
Mustering on the other side.  
He has fought the battle right,  
His face with many might;  
He has kept the patriot's faith,  
For him there is no death!  
His crown of glory won,  
His life of life begun.Soldier, patriot, hero, friend!  
Thine the honors without end,  
May we share them with thee,  
In the ranks beyond the sky;  
There thy deathless deeds to scan,  
There to measure up the man;  
Eye to eye and soul to soul,  
While the endless ones roll.Here, all thy work is done,  
Conflict passed and victory won;  
Vows preserved inviolate  
Crown thee in thy high estate.  
Blessed of God and mourned of men,  
Fare thee well, my friend;  
We our love can never tell,  
Friend and comrade, fare thee well!

## ON LITTLE ROUND TOP.

Maj. B. F. Rittenhouse, who is now on the  
Retired List in consequence of wounds re-  
ceived in action, was during the war an officer  
in Hazlett's Regular battery. When  
Hazlett was killed (early in the struggle for  
the possession of Little Round Top at Get-  
tysburg) Lieut. Rittenhouse succeeded to the  
command of the battery, and remained in  
that position until the close of the war,  
and winning several brevets for distin-  
guished gallantry in action. At a recent  
meeting of the District of Columbia Com-  
mandery of the Royal Legion, he read an  
interesting paper on "The Battle of Gettys-  
burg as seen from Little Round Top," which  
has since been printed. After describing the  
Little Round Top and the scene being en-  
acted in front of it, Maj. Rittenhouse tells of  
the arrival of Gen. Warren, whose quick eye  
instantly comprehended its vital importance  
to our line. Warren detached O'Rourke's  
regiment from Weed's Brigade, and sent it to  
the Round Top, and not a moment too soon.  
Vincent's Brigade was also near, and its  
commander grasped the situation, and  
double-quickened his men on to the sum-  
mit just in time to drive back the rebels,  
who were charging up on the other side.  
Hazlett rushed his battery up over ledges  
and boulders that now seem utterly impos-  
sible by horses or wheels. In a few minutes  
Weed, O'Rourke, Vincent and Hazlett were  
all killed, but the Little Round Top was  
saved. We take the following extracts from  
Maj. Rittenhouse's paper:In less than ten minutes it took four guns  
one crew, where a rider would have taken  
two days; a few minutes later Hazlett got the  
fifth piece into position over huge rocks, and a  
little later got the sixth piece fairly lifted into  
position by the cannoneers and the infantry. As each  
piece was unlimbered, the rebels picked it up  
on the left and front was full of rebels, with  
their battleflags flying, and coming so rapidly that  
it seemed almost impossible to stop them. They  
were making for Little Round Top, but we were there,  
and as our other puffs of smoke went from those  
six Parrot guns our boys for a mile down to the  
right, though they could not hear them in the roar  
of battle, could see that we held the point, and that  
the Stars and Stripes were there to stay.When the fourth piece was unlimbered, one of  
the cannoneers picked up the picket line near R. As  
No. 1 dipped his sponge in a bucket filled with  
it near the bottom and let out all the water. He  
paused, turned to the front, gripped his teeth, said  
"dum," but looked as though he thought more,  
sent his sponge home with the sponge, and as the first  
shot was fired said, "Take that, damn you!"Capt. A. P. Martin, Chief of Artillery, Fifth  
Corps, rode over to Battery D, 5th Art., now com-  
manded by me, about sundown, and I asked him  
how smoke went up from the battery. He said  
he did not know, but afterward sent me word that  
it was ours. It seemed immediately to change from  
an ugly gray to a beautiful blue.Chamberlain had got up there, and his men es-  
corted a number of wounded pickets by calling to  
them, "What are you doing down there, come  
up here," when they came up they were quickly  
hushed down on our side of the mountain. The en-  
emy soon found out that those who answered the call  
went up to the top of the mountain, and they got a  
little farther down on their side of the mountain.The night of July 2 was bright moonlight, but it  
seemed to me there were spirits flitting from Little  
Round Top to Devil's Den and back all night;  
as I lay awake, the only sounds I could hear  
were the groans of the wounded lying between the  
lines. About 20,000 tired men were resting and  
thinking of the morrow, which opened beautiful  
and bright, with both armies ready to renew the  
battle. On the left in the morning, waiting to re-  
ceive the attack, the enemy as eager to make it. A  
Sergeant and private of the battery, who had been  
absent without leave for several days, reported for  
duty early in the morning of the 3d. Both were very  
tired, but they were ready to do their duty. I  
saw them with the battery when it went into action. I  
asked them what they had to say. With tears in his eyes  
and scarcely able to speak, the Sergeant replied:  
"Nothing, Lieutenant, nothing; but for God's sake  
put us in arrest until after the battle. Their con-  
duct that day wiped out their offense."During the forenoon there was occasional firing  
from our battery. When Gen. Farnsworth made  
his gallant cavalry charge on the enemy's right, I  
saw him all I could, but he was almost too far  
off for effective firing. Poor fellow, his life was  
sacrificed by his commanding officer ordering him  
to charge the enemy's infantry, strongly posted  
behind stone walls. In the early part of the after-  
noon, when the enemy's batteries were firing, I  
informed me that the enemy were supposed to be  
getting ready for a charge on our center; that they  
would open the way for it with their artillery, and  
directed me not to return their fire, but to reserve  
our ammunition for the charge. He had time to  
get away the first shot was directed at Little  
Round Top, and the firing from their 150 guns be-  
came general along their line. It was during this  
cannonade that a piece of shell struck Sullivan's  
battery horse behind the ear and he dropped  
dead. Sullivan remained astride of his mount, and  
said: "Ah, that was a damn fine horse. If it  
had been that other devil I wouldn't have cared, but  
this was a damn fine horse!" Then he dismounted,  
proceeded to unhitch and put another horse in his  
place.We hugged another earth during the first part  
of that cannonade, until the enemy's columns ap-  
peared, and then, from Little Round Top to Wood-  
stock's battery on the right, 70 Union guns opened  
fire.These 70 guns fairly made the earth tremble—  
it was loud thunderclap, so to speak. As soon  
as the enemy appeared we opened with solid shot  
and shell, then case shot, then in the evening  
in volley after volley, and then came the rapid fire  
of the deadly cannoneers, to be doubled as soon as  
they got within 50 yards of our line. I watched Pickett's  
men advance and opened on them with an oblique  
fire, and ended with a terrible enfilade fire. Lieut.  
Peoples pointed the right piece, and Serg't Grady  
the fifth piece, both splendid shots. When the  
enemy got a little more than half way to our lines, I  
saw only one man twice the size of the others could  
be run out for once to point them to the right.  
Peoples and Grady tried to make up for the loss  
of the fire from the other guns. Many times a  
single percussion shell would cut out several files  
and then explode in their ranks, several times at  
most a company would disappear, as a shell would  
rip from the right to the left among them. Every  
shot pointed by these two men seemed to go where  
it was intended. Longstreet, in an article in THE  
Century for February, 1887, writes of the "New  
York" view of the great rest which the  
country and the Press—beg pardon—the Presi-  
dent and his country may obtain by this visit  
to St. Louis, resolve that we will not hinder

## LEATHER GO, GALLAGHER

If the President Wants to Visit St.  
Louis, Let Him.READ softly. Do not  
breathe too hard. Call  
in the children. Strive  
tan-bark on the street.  
Muzzle the dog, and  
keep everything perfect-  
ly quiet. Sh! Speak in  
whispers, please. One  
loud, harsh word, and all  
is lost. One abrupt,  
jarring, discordant  
note, and the whole  
score will have to be  
played over. A single  
mistake now, and  
everything will have  
to be done again  
from the beginning. May  
all the gods that meddle  
with the affairs of men be  
propitious this time, and  
batter the well-laid plans  
of mice and men so that  
they stand without a  
stand many shocks unless  
the weather changes.The President of the United States—we like  
to consider this Nation in the singular number  
—is going to St. Louis. He is going. The 60  
days of agony, suspense, uncertainty, im-  
passioned appeal, cor reluctance and timid de-  
clination are over, and the President, double-shotted  
with a sense of the Presidential dignity, is go-  
ing to St. Louis, just as everybody, including  
the President, knew he would 60 days ago.  
The country is not startled at the announcement;  
it is relieved, perhaps, because the force of  
"Ought We to Visit Them?" is nothing  
new, and in this presentation was a bit tiresome.  
The President is going to St. Louis.Last week Charley Paragloss, with Starch  
& Fixem, white goods, went to St. Louis. The  
firm told him to go Monday morning. And  
Monday night found Mr. Paragloss in the  
sleeper morning his way toward St. Louis, with  
checks in his pocket for more and bigger trunks  
than the President of the United States will  
carry. His wife and the house knew he was  
going. Nobody else said anything about it.  
And yet Charley Paragloss will make more  
out of his St. Louis trip than the President  
will.Why, there is nothing in going to St. Louis  
to make such a fuss about. Anybody can go to  
St. Louis who can raise \$22. "Don't much of a  
place to go to. The President of the United  
States won't stay there after he gets there.  
Nobody ever does. A thousand dollars to one,  
the President of the United States won't stay  
in St. Louis 10 days after he sees what kind of  
a place it is. The President of the United  
States has never been there, or he wouldn't go  
now. Why didn't he go to St. Louis long ago,  
when fares were down, if he has been wanting  
to go so long and so badly as he professes?  
There was nothing to hinder.There is nothing to hinder anybody going to  
St. Louis. It isn't much of a feat. If the en-  
tire Grand Army of the Republic, and the Free  
and Accepted Masons, the Knights of Pythias  
and the Ancient Order of Enlightened Workmen  
should lift their voices in chorus and shriek  
that they didn't want Charley Paragloss to  
come to St. Louis, Charley would go all the  
same. If they said they would stay away if  
he came, he would tell them to stay away, and  
he could sell more white goods. Why, every  
week there are people who go to St. Louis who  
are not wanted there. People go there who  
are dreaded by their own relatives. People go  
there without invitations even, and stay for  
weeks. With the invitation he has, the Presi-  
dent of the United States could stay all winter,